THE
Ages of Sin,
Sinnes Birth & groweth.
With the Stepps, and Degrees of Sin, from thought to finall Impenitencie.

Suggestion.

Originall—Concupiscence *Doth make*
Our Nature like a foule great-Bellyed Snake:
For, wer not Sathan *apt to tempt to Sin;*
Yett, Lustfull—Thoughts *would breed & brood, Within:*
But, happie. Hee, that takes These *Little*—Ones,
To Dash their Braines (*Soone*) *'gainst repentant*-Stones.

46

45. 6. 30. 1543.

BRITISH MUSEUM

2. Rumination

When lust hath (thus) Conceiu'd It brings forth Sin,
And Ruminating-thoughts Its Shape begin.
Like as the Beares oft-licking of her whelps,
That foule deformed Creatures Shape much helps.
The danger's great, our Sinfull thoughts to Cherish,
Stop thine growth, or thy poore Soule will perish.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DELECTATION. 3

If, Sinfull Thoughts (once) nestle in mans heart;
The Sluce is ope, Delight (then) playes its part:
Then, like the old-Ape hugging in his armes,
His Apish-young-One; Sin, the Soule becharmes
And, when our Apish impious-Thoughts delight us
Oh, then (alas) most mortally They bite us.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CONSENT. 4

For, where Sin workes Content, Conſent will follow;
And This, the Soule, into Sins Gulfe, doth ſwallow.
For, as two ravning Wolves (for, tis theire kinde)
To ſuck Lambs-blood, doe hunt with equall-minde:
Even ſo, the Soule & Sin Conſent, in One,
Till, Soule & Body be quite overthrowne ./

5 Act.

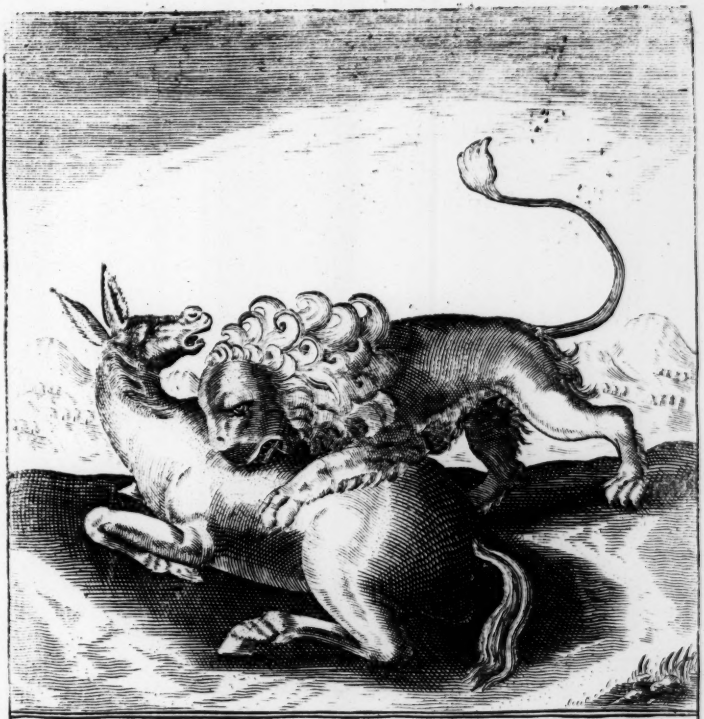
Sin and the Soule (thus) having Stricken Hands,
The Sinner (now) for Action readie stands;
And Tyger-like, swallowes-vp, at One-bitt,
What euer impious Preye the Heauy sloth fitt
Committing Sin, with greater greedinesse,
Selling his Soule to worke All wickednesse.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Iteration. 6

From eager-Acting Sin, comes Iteration,
Or, frequent Custome of Sins perpetration;
Which, like great Flesh-Flies liting on raw-Flesh,
Though oft beat-off, (if not kild) come afresh:
Hence, Belzebub is termd Prince of fflesh-fflies,
'Cause Sin, still, Acts, vntill (by Grace) It Dies.

BRITISH MUSEUM



GLORIATION. 7

Cuſtome in Sin takes Senſe of Sin away;
This makes All-Sin ſeeme but a Sport, a play:
Yea, like a rampant-Lyon, proud and Stout,
Inſulting, o're his Prey, ſtaulking about,
The Saucy-Sinner boaſts & braggs of Sinne,
As One (oh woe) that doth a Citty winne...

BRITISH MUSEUM

8 Obduration.

When Sinne brings Sinners to this fearefull pass,
What followes, but a hard Heart, Brow of brass?
A Heart (I say) more hard then Tortes-back),
Which, nether Sworde nor Axe can hew or hack;
Iudgements nor Mercies, Treats nor threats can cause
To leave-off Sin, To love or feare Gods Lawes.

BRITISH MUSEUM

9 FINALL-IMPENITENCY.

And (now, alas) what is Sins last Extent?
A hard-Heart makes a Heart Impenitent.
For, can a Leopard change his Spotted Skin?
No: Nor a Heart accustom'd (thus) his Sin.
Then, Conscience, headlong, casts Impenitence,
With horrid ffrights of Hellish Recompence.

fa: v: fecit

BRITISH MUSEUM